

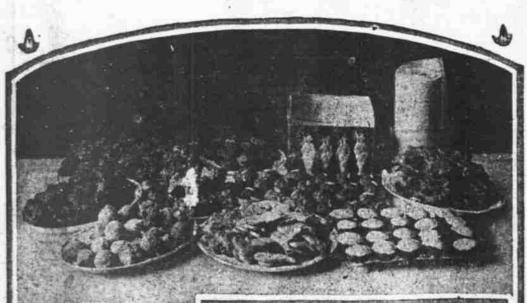


Sherman's March to the Sea.

ON this date, just 53 years ago, Gen. Sherman's army, in its world-famous march through the Confederacy. reached the sea. It was this great effort which put the finishing touch to the resistance of the South and paved the way for the surrender of Lee at Appomattox.

Cookies for the Soldier Boys

Republished by Permission of Good Housekeeping, the Nation's Greatest Home Magazine



When You Pack the Cookies!

Use a tin box lined with paraffin paper.

Pack snugly and lay cardboard between layers. Put a thick layer of shredded

tissue over the top. Wrap box in corrugated cardboard and then with heavy

paper.

From the December Good Housekeeping.

ND it is a case of "pat a'cake A fas," too, if you get the box off in time for him to have it at Chirstmas. But you can do it, if

you "do it now!"
"Member how he used to crunch member now ne used to culture
the cookies when he was a little
boy; 'member how he looked with
his face all crumby with cake?
Well, men are only grown-up boys,
they say—and soldlers are often
not even grown up; so send him
cookies for Christman.

So when you are "pat-a-caking" the cookies for your boy's Christmas bex, be sure you "pat" a lot-an awful lot, and remember that the boys in Europe will want cookies after Christmas, too, and send them often for there are many mouths to feed "over there." Hustrated above are the cutters to cut the cookies with, and here are the recipes to sook them by:

CHOCOLATE COOKIES.

One cupful light-brown sugar, 14 supful metted shortening, 1 egg. % cupful milk: % teaspoonful sods, sifted with flour; 1% cupfuls en-tirs-wheat flour, 4 cupful chopped raisins, % cupful chopped nuts, % teaspoonful salt, 3 squares choco-

By Arthur B. Reeve,

Creator of the "Craig Kennedy"

mentery stories, which appear ex-

EPISODE 4

The False Locket,

Copyright, 1917, Star Company.

Ramsay searched about for some time, unable to locate the spot in the hills and

finally a plan for discovering it

formed in his mind. He decided to

go ? k to the house to get an in-

strument which he had had sent out

The false Ramsay, however, much

frightened at the unfortunate en-

counter and trying to conceal his

dishevelled condition, entered the

den just so the Hidden Hand was

giving his parting instructions to

Though he tried to sink out of sight, the Hidden Hand saw him. "Weil, what's the matter now?" he

"I was on guard—outside," Slurisd ent the emissary, "when Ramsay came along—fired at me—but I got away without betraying anything."
"You fool," shouted the Hidden Rand, becoming almost apoplectic with rage, "how do you know you didn't betray anything?" He glared at the emissary in a towaring rage.

at the emissary in a towering rage, "If Ramsay finds us." he hissed, "I

"But he can't find us," cried the false Ramsay. "I was on the other side of the hill."
"No explanations," shouted the Hidden Hand, now beyond himself.
In an ungovernable passion he threw his whole bulk on the uncommend and incommend the same of t

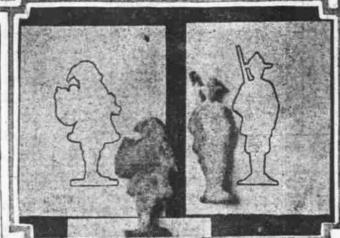
"But he can't find us," cried the

will kill you!"

"I was on guard-outside," blurted

avely in Cosmopolitan Maguzine

The Hidden Hand



Good Housekeeping Institute Cut Out the Cook ies Shown with a Sharp Knife and Scissors and with the Patterns You Can Do Same.

WHOLE-WHEAT MEAL COOKIES. Three cupfuls fine whole-wheat meal, 2 cupfuls bread flour, 1 cupful brown sugar, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 cupful shortening, 1 tempoonful sait, about 1 cupful warm water, 14 teaspoonful vanilia,

if desired.

Mix dry ingredients all together, rub in the shortening, add enough warm water to make a dough stiff enough to roll. add flavoring and roll one-quarter of an inch thick. Cut in desired shapes and bake in a quick oven.

ANN'S MOLASSES DROP COOKIES One-half cupful brown sugar, 1 egg, 1-3 cupful oil or melted drippings, 1½ cupfuls pastry flour, 1 cupful entire wheat flour, 1 tea-spoonful sait, 1 teaspoonful sods, ½ cupful molasses, 1 tablespoon-

Summer aky from storm to sunshine.

He advanced toward her with an evil, thought renseuring, smile.

"My, but you are a terrible man," she cried.

"Never mind that," he reassured.

"Never tour life on well as mine.

in peril."
Still giving her the final instruc-tions the Hidden Hand led her from the den. At the cavern mouth he looked about carefully to make sure

that Ramsay was not still watch ing. Ramsay had gone, however

rection of the Whitney house while the Hidden Hand left in the other

direction.

No sconer had he left the inner den than the faise Ramsay in a heap on the floor, shrinking with fear as long as his cruel master could see him, lifted himself painfully and the moment he was gone glowered after him with anger and hatred. This time the Hidden Hand and some too far. The worm had

natred. This time the hidden if and and gone too fat. The worm had turned. It was bid enough to be beaten, but to be humiliated before a woman of the underworld! The false Ramsay seized one of the

false Ramsay seized one of the torches.

"I'll make him pay for this," he muttered vengefully. "I'll double cross the devil!"

On the Whitney grounds, Doris was seeking Ramsay when Verda, also seeking him, came upon her.

"Where is Jack!" asked Verds, taking pleasure in the familiarity.
Doris winced at it. "I don't know. I was looking for him."

"You were! I thought you didn't like him."

"Oh, Verda," she confided. "If you

had only seen him last night."
Verda was jealous. She could stand it no longer, without betraying herself and so she ran away, down

the grounds.
She had not gone far before she

encountered a strange woman.
"Is this Verda Crane?" asked the

Verda answered in wonder, as the

woman came closer. "I've just left the Hidden Hand."

whispered the woman. "Where is Doris? There's something I want to give her—understand?"

Verda did understand. If there was anything to be given to Doris from the Hidden Hand she wanted Doris to get it.

Doris to get it.
"Go on up this walk," she whis-pered. "You will find her."

like him

ing. Ramsay had gone, and Carrie walked away in the di

ful vinegar, 4 cupful hot coffee, 4 teaspoonful cinnamon, 4 teaspoonful cloves, 1 teaspoonful gin-

Cream the sugar, beaten egg, and Cream the sugar, beaten egg, and shortening together. Add soda mixed with molasses, vinegar, coffee, and one cupful of the flour. Sift with the rest of the flour and salt and spices and add to the mixture. Beat thoroughly and drop from a speom, onto buttered pans. Bake about ten minutes in a quick oven.

BROWN SUGAR DROP DOODLES. One-half cupful unsalted shortening, % cupful dark brown or maple

ing, % cupful dark brown or maple sugar, % cupful light brown sugar, 1 egg, beaten light, 1% cupfuls pastry flour, 1 cupful entire-wheat flour, ½ teaspoonful sait, % cupful sour cream, % cupful currants, 1 teaspoonful vanilla.

Mix in the order given and drop by dessert-spoonfuls on a greased pan and bakg in a hot oven about ten minutes.

smile. So Doris loved Ramsay? She

had better beware.

It was only a few minutes be-

fore Carrie came upon Doris still

Are you Doris Whitney? she asked, as Doris wondered what this woman with the hard face and loud voice could want.

"Yes," smiled Doris.

"You know a Becret Service man, look Because."

"Y-yes."
"Well, I want you to let that man

Doris was shecked beyond words,

"I-let him alone" gasped Doris.
"What do you mean?"
"Let him alone, I mean!" cried the woman. "He's my husband."
"Here, read this!" hissed the woman, before Doris could recover to constitut in

question her. Dorls took the paper that had

been thrust into her hands and read,

to her utter amasseent:

My Darling Wife—At last I have
managed to get the locket, which
I am sending to you for safe keeping. Do not be jealous of Doris

Whitney; she means nothing to me.

Your faithful husband, JACK." Dorls looked up from the letter

turning indignantly to the woman.
The woman merely smiled. She

reached into the bosom of her waist and drew forth the false locket.

"Did you ever see this?" she taunted dangling it.
Doris watched its jewelled surface gleaning in the sunlight, fascinated. It was a final blow, a proof

of the woman's misstatements. She felt as though she would faint, but

caught herself. Then followed a sudden wave of anger and hatred over Ramsay's perfidy. Still Doris arruggled to hide her emotions.

"I—I don't believe it," she re-

peated weakly, turning on the wo-

"I don't believe it!" she cried.

"Are you Doris Whitney?" she

A Serial of Mystery Featuring

Jack Rameay?"

DRACULA, THE VAMPIRE

Fe Li., GUVNOR, you've treated me wery 'angle of the remains of his beer on the previous night half a sovereign—"an plant at Corcorana, had left for his work at half a sovereign—"an plant at Corcorana, had left for his work at a corcorana, had left for his work at half a sovereign—"an plant at Corcorana, had left for his work at the corcorana, had left for his work at half and half at the corcorana, had left for his work at half at the corcorana, had left for his work at half at the corcorana, had left for his work at half at the corcorana, had left for his work at half at the corcorana, had left for his work at half at the corcorana, had left for his work at half at the corcorana, had left for his work at half and half at half at the corcorana, had left for his work at half at the corcorana, had left for his work at half at half and the half and half at half at the corcorana, had left for his work at half and the half and half at the cool did the half and half was some kind of a "new like and half and ha

By BRAM STOKER.

itcular burden of relence must rest.

I shall not ever enter on the subject with her under any circumstances. Indeed, it may not be a hard task after all, for she herself has become reticent on the subject, and has not spoken of the count or his doings ever since we told her of our decision.

"How did you get into the house in Piccadilly." I asked.

"How has there to the must 'a'.

"How did you get into the house in the count of our decision.

THE EARLY MAIL.

IRINGS INFORMATION.

2 October, evening.—A long and sying and exciting day. By the list post I got my directed envelope ith a dirty scrap of paper enclosed, in which was written with a carsenter's pencil in a sprawling hand:
"Sam Illoxam, Korkrams, 4. Poters out, Bartel street, Walworth, Arsk for he depite."

I got the letter in bed, and rose with the self in the ball: "Yus; it was a big 'all, an' there was nothin' else in it." I made one more stempt to further matters:
"You didn't have any key?"

I got the letter in bed, and rose with ut waking Minu. She looked heavy and leepy and pale, and far from well. I etermined not to wake her, but that, then I should return from this new earch, I would arrange for her going ack to Exeter. I think she would be appler in our own home ,with her ally tasks to interest her, than in being appear in our own home , with her ally tasks to interest her, than in being ere amongst us and in ignorance.

I only saw Dr. Seward for a moment, and told him where I was off to, promising to come back and tell the rest so onn as I should have found out anyoning. I drove to Walworth and found, eith some difficulty. Potter's court. Mr. Smollet's spelling midded me, as I sked for Poter's court instead of Poter's court. However, when I had found he court. I had no difficulty in discovering Cerceara's lodging house. When asked the man who came to the door for the hiespite, he shook his head, and said: "I dunne 'em. There ain't no uch a person 'ere: I never 'eard of 'im all my bloomin' days, Bon't believe here ain't neshedy of that kind livin' ere or anywheres."

I took out Smollet's letter, and as I tesk out Smollet's letter, and as I and it it assemed to me that the lesson paid my friend for his information, I

once that I was on the right track; tion, he could, by choosing his own onetic spelling had again misled me half-crown tip put the deputy's knowl-

I look out Smoler's letter, and as I then I could find the nouse, so, having sead it it seemed to use that the lesson of spelling of the name of the court night guide me. "What are your" I sked.

OFF AGAIN WITH ONLY
A SLENDER CLUE.
"I'm the depity," he answered. I saw the could be counted in the court of distributions of the counter of th

"You didn't have any key."

"Never used no key nor nothink. The old gent, he opened the door "isself an' shut it again when I druv off. I don't remember the last time—but that was the beer."

"And you can't remember the numbe

and honest expression of a desire

to have her for his wife, the girl

had better keep a level head and

discount his ardor and the value

thereof. Were I in your place I

Advice to the Lovelorn By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

Just Be Dignified.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

TUNT go on conducting yourself

your work and don't lay any stress

on anything your employer says.

You might even tell him that you

have discovered that the office

force is gossiping about you and

that you feel sure he will not want

to cause you to be subjected to

criticism. When a man tells a girl

up that declaration with the genuine

with quiet dignity. Attend to

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am twenty-nine and employed by a manufacturing concern as office manager, earning a salary of \$25 per week.

The vice-president of this concern is a widower (about forty-five years old and has no children). He is constantly telling me that I am the nicest young lady he ever met and goes as far as telling me of his love (but never mentions marriage to me).

As a rule I never pay any attention to what he is saying, but here of late my girls in the office have noticed his actions and have come to me with little stories telling me how much goesip is going around the office.

ANXIOUS. ANXIOUS.

nan. "Take your locket—and in the future let my husband alone!" she hissed as she threw the locket at Doris's feet, turned deliberately and

walked away.

Doris could scarcely control her feelings. She was miserable. She stooped to pick up the cursed lockst stooped to pick up the current locket which seemed destined to blast her life. Could it be true, what this woman had said? There was the letter and the locket, too. She was heartbroken.

The woman thanked her and hurried up the path, while Verda watched after her with a crafty To Be Continued To-morrow.

should either make it impossible for the man to drag his semi-lovemaking into office hours or tell him with quiet dignity that he was placing me in a difficult situation, Your own attitude may shame the office out of its foolish and worthy gossip.

Ancient Thessalonica.

Balonics, in the days when St. Paul addressed his Episies to the Thessalonians, was not modern, for it was built about \$15 B. C. on the site of an older city called Therme site of an older city called Therme, and it was named by its founder after his wife, a sister of Alexander the Great. It has always been a lace of importance, as it is the chief harbor of Macedonia, and was a point on the ancient highway from Rome to the East. With a few fine buildings, like the old measure which had been in twenty. osque which had been in turn mosque which had been in turn a temple of Venus and a Christian church, it has always been a collec-tion of houses largely of wood and therefore, highly inflammable in the extreme continuous heat of Sumthat he loves her and does not back

Follow Your Good Impulse By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE.

And You Will Know What It Means to Give as Well as to Receive Hapipness.



By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

TAVE you ever watched the adoring glances of poor children before the marvelous window displays at Christmas time, wished that something could be done to give them what they wanted and-passed on upon your busy way? I have, many

And yet it takes very little to please a child If each of us would agree to escort through the won ders of the toy department the next couple of children we saw flattening their little noses against the glass of a store window, we would confer a great deal of happiness, even though we were unable to supplement this by investing in small gift.

Last year I saw two ragged small boys being unceremoniously hustled out of the elevator that led to a toy department. They were told that they would

probably a necessary measure of self-protection on the store's part, although at the time I felt much annoyed at what I judged to be discrimination.

Probably no store, however, would object to the presence of the most raggedy youngster if he were led around by you or me. We might try it, anyway.

The toy departments at the Christmas season have exhibitions more thrilling than the matinee, even to the satisted children of the well-to-do. It is a mistake to think that children enjoy only what they can own. They are more able to drink in happiness through their eyes than are most grown people.

Incidentally, why wouldn't it be a fine charity for the stores to provide a children's guide a tthis season-who collected these youngsters at a given place in the store and, lining them up two by two, not be admitted unless accompanied by a grown | took them on a personally conducted tour through person. On thinking it over I saw that this was toyland—bringing them back again to the entrance?

Little Bobbie's Pa

THARE is a grate man cumming up to the house tonite, sed Pa wen we was cetting supper. He is on his way to South America but he promised to stay oaver tonite so you cud meet him.
I will be declited, sed Ms, I am

glad you are chumming with grate men lately, insted of with bilyard players & hard hitting left fielders, sed Ma. I think it will do you much mear good. What is his naim? sed Ma.

His naim is Professor Stonehat chet, sed Pa, he is a grate student of the erlier tipes of Mankind wich was fussing around on this here planet, sed Pa, long benfour this glorus nashun was founded, sed Pa. He may be a littel deep for you & Bobble, sed Pa, but he has a kind hart & maybe he will explane everything simpel for you two, sed Pa. & then Mister Stonehatchet

I am charmed to meet you, sad Ma. my husband was saying sum wary nice things about you beefoar

That is good, sed Pa's frend, kind words are moar than corenet play-ers, he sed. I am charmed to meet you, he sed to Ma. & what a fine littel man this is, he sed. & he looked at me. Bobble is a chip of the old block,

Bobble is a chip of the old block, sed Pa, he taiks after me in, many things. He has the saim contemp for wurldy things, sed Pa. He gaiv all the munny in his bank to the Red Crons yesterday, sed Pa.

That is splendid, sed Mister Stonehatchet. I shad like to have a littel boy like you, he sed. My two boys grew up & married rich gurls, he sed. & got fat in the hed etc. he sed. How few of us resly understand why we are sent to this here planet, he sed.

That is vary true sed Pa, I have offen told my wife that moast men didert think enuf from day to day. Most of them think from meni to me i, sed Pa, about what thay are going to eat next. Maybe by the

time you maik yure next exploring trip, sed Pa, Bobbie will be old enuff to go with you. His father was a grate goer beefoar him, sed Pa, if

grate goer beefoar him, sed Pa. if I do say it myself.
Yes, sed Ma, my deer husband was also a grate explorer. He explored Broadway & Fortysecond Street, sed Ma, wen it was the rondy-voe of Injunn, Ma sed. He had many hare-breath excapes, sed Ma. Once, sed Ma, he got as far North as the wilds of Harlem but he dosent wit around file of the sed Ma. of Harlem, but he dosent git around so fast any moar. He is vary sen-

Well, sed the Professor, travel is Well, sed the Professor, travel is a thing wich grips & clutches one as the years go by, until one becums restless & longs for nothing else. Wen I was a yung man, he sed, I lived in one littel town until I looked like a fun-gus on a tree, he sed, but all to a sudden, he sed, the feever of travel swep caver me & I have been malking trains ever since. It is vary broad-ening, he sed, & dosent cost as much munny as a Kirk

By William F.

lot of peepul mits supposs. The trip I am going to talk, he said, will only cost me a few pairry milyuns, he sed.

How much, sed Ms.

A few trilling Bilyuns, mear er less, he sed. I expect to give a few Bilyuns to the sayage tribes down thare to found a heam for there feebel-minded, he sed. We must look after our insane, he sed. & feebel-minded, he sed. We must look after our insane, he sed. & jest then the doorbell rang & Pa went to the door & two big gents caim in, thay sed thay was Kcapera from Ward's Hand, & they took Pro-

from Ward's Hand, & they took Professor Stonehatchet away.
Deer me, sed Ma. Ma was laffing
at Pa beckaus he looked so red in
the face. Deer me, what if littel
Bobble had gone along on a exploring trip with yure friend, sed Ma.
You are a wary demmocratick man,
sed Ma, you pick up some grand
littel buddles.

& Pa, he dident say a word to
Ma or me, he beegan to smoak hard
& keep still.

Do You Know That---

The fresh sardine is a beautiful little fish. The scares on its back are an iridescent blue-green, the exact tint which the sea so often takes, while beneath the scales there shows up the most wonderful peacock blue. There are bars on its back and sides when it first comes out of the water like those on the mackerel, but they seem to fade and disappear the moment it is exposed to the air. The rest of its body is pure silver.

The European starling was intreduced into the United States about twenty-five years ago, and its range has gradually extended over much of New York. New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Connecticut and Massachuetts During its migrations in search of food it ranges much farther, ing frequently found as far south as the District of Columbia.

Football is a favorite amusement with Eskimos of all ages. The football is a small round ball made of sealskin and stuffed with reindeer hair. In Labrador, as in

Greenland, it is whipped over the ice with a thong look attached te s wooden handle. It can be caught in the air and returned with ter-rific force by means of this instrument. Rafaelita, a rry petroleum-found

abundantly in the Argentine Provinces of Mendoza and Patagonia will in all probability be utilized considerably in the future. The republic is rich in petroleum, from Saita to Terra del Fuego.

threw his whole bulk on the unfortunate amissary who cowered before him. He selised the emissary by the throat and choked him until his eyes bulged. He shook him and pounded him until the poor emissary's eyes bulged from their sockets and his tongue was forced from his mouth. Finally, in a frensy of rage the Hidden Hand hurled the false Ramsay from him je the floor, where he lay in a heap, bruised and bleeding. Carrie drew away in fright at this exhibition of temper, but as he this exhibition of temper, but as he turned from the emissary the Hidden Hand changed as quickly as a